Between Acts at "Parsifal"

Scenes at the Metropolitan During the Opera

Promptly at 7 the great audience assembled to hear "Parsifal" began to pour out of the main entrance of the Metropolitan Opera House.

It could hardly be termed a procession, that flood of humanity, for the word procession implies a certain deliberation in gait and a possibility of breaking through the ranks to reach the other side. No such possibility existed in the foyer of the opera house for at least fifteen minutes. Those stranded on one side of the crowd were forced to remain there until a quarter of an hour had elapsed.

Sartorially considered, the audience was interesting. A great deal has been written and a great deal said about the etiquette of the occasion, from the point of view of the wardrobe. One who was not satisfied with the exhibition must indeed be hard to please, for anything you wanted you could find there.

Did you insist upon the regulation 5 o'clock tea outfit, there it was. Were you to attend a dinner party between the acts with no time for a change of dress, you had plenty of sympathizers. Were you a rainy-daisy, you could find the short suit and the abbreviated jacket.

Did you wish to emphasize the fact that there was a special train in from Chicago, there was the red waistcoat with cable chain attachment for fear it might get away. Were you a long haired Angora, there were others with hair carefully mussed up for the occasion.

Were you a conservatory young woman with mind so carefully attuned to counterpoint that the trifling matter of the adaptation of dress to occasion seemed to you of little moment, there were others—an unlimited number of others.

Chiffons and velvets, sables and ermines, laces and diamonds were side by side with homemade frocks and hats of ready made millinery. Scintillating tiaras marched out side by side with locks which in the stress of emotion had become unmoored from fastenings and straggled unbecomingly on either side of the face.

Men with gardenias in buttonholes and crush hats brothered those in business jackets and four-in-hands. Trailing opera coats of priceless materials half covering gowns just as valuable brushed carelessly against costumes still damp with the Christmas eve rain and spattered with the mud of Broadway.

Priests and pagans, belles and beaux, men of leisure and busy financiers, women of the home, of the workroom, of the social whirl, students and operatic stars—all were there. A vast mass of units, interesting considered as units or as a whole.

THEY DINED NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

The conversation was of the commonplace variety. If one expected to be elevated or refined by it, disappointment was in store.

Whatever the mental attitude, the relief felt after a couple of hours' intense concentration found vent, as is usual, in trivialities. Little was said about the perfection of scenic arrangements. *Kundry* and *Parsifal* for a moment were relegated to the background while questions of more immediate moment were discussed.

"Have you see my umbrella?" "Is my hat straight? If it looks crooked it's all right." "Mrs. Astor in black velvet? You don't say! I wonder what she'll wear this evening." "Go home to dress? Well, I guess not. We're going to have a dandy time at the restaurant. Catch us dressing!" "Hello, old chappie, thought you were in Chicago! Came on in a special? You don't say! Come and have a bracer!"

These were a few of the comments overheard.

The last straggler has gone. The outer doors are closed. The foyer is left in possession of the uniformed attendants with the gilt letters "M. O. H." on their caps, of the burly policemen who waste no airy parsiflage on those who attempt to break into the auditorium, of the boys still shrieking "librettos" and of the few at the box office buying seats for other "Parsifals." The great entr'acte has begun.

Upstairs in his private office sits Heinrich Conried. He is all alone. There is nothing in the serenity of the room to suggest the hurly-burly of the event. It is as quiet and serene as a lady's parlor.

Later, in the sitting room of the Opera Club he is imperturbable, suave and composed as he listens to and answers the congratulations of those who surround him. For the moment he permits himself a lapse.

"I am tired," and he shakes his long hair and the blue eyes grow deeper. "I shall sleep all right to-night when it is all over, but now," he extends a trembling hand, "look at that. I am trembling for every chorus girl, for every stage carpenter. I am carrying the weight of everything, and it is no light weight."

Still master of detail, he calls a boy to show a SUN reporter all over the building to watch the matters of interest taking place there between acts.

Looked at from any point of view, the auditorium of the opera house is a huge place, but from the stage height and depth seem almost overpowering. You wonder how it is possible that the human voice can reach to the topmost part of the top gallery, where real music lovers sit night after night.

It would seem as if a shriek here would become a whisper before it reached that sky line. To appreciate the tremendous work of *Parsifal* and *Kundry* in the long acts of the music-drama, one should see that vast expanse of space.

On the stage the carpenters are setting the scene for the Garden of Delight. Great masses of rose trees are springing up on either side, and even near at hand in the dim light and the masses of shadows they seem real enough to evoke a murmur of praise.

THE "PARSIFAL" PICNIC.

On the floor the scrubwomen are busily washing up, watering the flowers, so to speak. There are trap doors with cracks, there are dangling ropes and pulleys, there are dark-bearded men lifting tremendous weights as easily as if they were blocks for a miniature theatre put together by a child's hands.

Here and there a chorus girl is walking quietly about with a masculine escort pointing out little corners of interest. Everywhere the bustle of work, which is being carefully superintended to an artistic finish. The oaths, those outlets for extreme anxiety, are cosmopolitan in their variety.

From the wings the visitors are taken toward the dressing rooms of the stars and chorus. All is quiet there. Some of the cast are outside for their suppers, but the majority are resting quietly in their rooms. The gray uniformed attaché of the theatre, willing to do his part, raises himself by the hands and peeks through the window into one of the dressing rooms.

"Guess we can't go in," he explains tersely. "They're dressing."

It is his habit apparently to assure himself of the propriety of entrance in that way. It certainly saves time.

Asked as to his opinion of "Parsifal," he announced that "It's all right. Conried knows what he's about, I guess."

From the stage, over trap doors, again under dangling ropes, up and down queer stairways, through masses of blackness and dim rays of light, the path leads anew to the empty auditorium.

There are only a few who have remained out of the thousands who were sitting there about a half hour before. These few are ensconced in out-of-the-way corners and for a little while the eye does not discern them. It is impressed only with the restful silence after the bursts of applause,

MR. CONRIED RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS. IN THE OPERA CLUB.

the distraction of rapidly moving scenes, the storm and stress of vocal passions.

The deep red hall, softly glowing, seems still resonant with the sound of *Parsifal's* voice and the wailing of the orchestral accompaniments. It seems waiting, too, in the hush that precedes all great endeavor for the final scenes and the triumph of the spirit over the flesh.

Little by little, as the eye becomes accustomed to the place, you can see stray groups sitting on the floor of the aisles and in the back, munching sandwiches and dry cakes out of paper bags or bits of newspaper. They are very careful of the crumbs, too, in which they differ from the normal picknicker who is joyously oblivious of rubbish.

The parties become friends as they munch. One of them has been to Bayreuth and compares the difference.

"It is all in the atmosphere," she avers. "It is something you feel, you cannot explain. It is like the sensation that you have at the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

"Bayreuth means 'Parsifal,' and as soon as you get off the cars you think it and you live it. And then there is Frau Wagner, too, and she is so interesting.

"How I would like," she continues as she helps herself to a second course of sandwich, "to see the old lady and Conried together having it out! I don't suppose I ever will," and she sighs deeply.

A step further and you nearly fall over two clerics back to back busily studying the score, sitting on the floor near the rail to avoid trampling. Their spectacled heads are ensconced between pages.

"I can't make up my mind," says one in response to the inevitable question. "To me it seems wonderfully reverent, and even the scene of the Holy Eucharist did not offend, for I assume that it is the spirit with which one views it that decides its religiousness or not. I can understand, though, how the severely orthodox might cavil at it. However, you know, 'the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.'"

The second was even more enthusiastic.

"What difference does it make where a man's soul is uplifted, so that it is uplifted, and 'Parsifal' must do that to the most sceptical. If a man gets a higher thought, a spirit raising in a gambling place, it is better than none at all.

"The only thing the Church has to fear is not the sacrilege of its sacraments, but the indifference and neglect. I shall advise my congregation to come to it, and I expect my communion table will profit from the result. Profaning the church? Never!"

Against a pillar, surveying the rosy depths of the interior, two musicians are discussing it from the point of view of their profession.

"Fine thing, the women voices. I told Henry"—meaning Conried—"that women voices were the thing. There is a peculiar penetrating quality to boys' voices that is striking, but when it comes to sustained, far reaching work, give me the women's voices every time.

THE CALL FOR DINNER.

"No, it is not the greatest work when you pull it to pieces and compare it with 'Die Walkuere,' 'Tristran und Isolde' and 'Tannhaeuser,' perhaps; that is when the question simply involves music, orchestration, the opportunites for certain registers of voices, but what makes 'Parsifal' great is the *tout ensemble*.

IN THE SUPPER ROOM.

"The story itself is the finest of any, conveys the most beautiful sentiments, has the most wonderful combination of the spiritual and the earthly. It is greatest, too, scenically considered, and no matter what you may say, the music of the eye is important help to the music of the ear.

"Then, too, the lay public has to learn to love Wagner. It is not accomplished at once.

"People I know who, five years ago, couldn't stand 'Die Walkuere' and 'Siegfried' are now crying for them. It will be the same way with 'Parsifal.' Scores of people will find it tiresome, incomprehensible to-night, and after seeing it a score of times they will love it like a native of Bayreuth.

"Eat? No, I will take mine fasting. There is something to me horribly incongruous about feeding between the acts of 'Parsifal.' I feel as if the churches ought to be open with special services to prepare one properly."

The quiet and orderliness of the performance were nowhere more noticeable than in the supper room. The scene, usually of more or less confusion, was as orderly as if giving suppers there between acts had been a habit of years. The waiters were deft and quick, the tables for two, three, four more well filled.

One of the striking features was the number of women in evening dress who were dining without escorts, enjoying that freedom which is not always the privilege of those who purchase season boxes offhand.

The diners were looking about for acquaintances and usually discovering them. The hum of conversation was continual, forming a running accompaniment of sound from which occasional syllables became articulate.

"Mme. Sembrich? Yes, in the box next mine." "Yes, much better than the performance at Bayreuth." "Poor Conried! what an indefatigable worker. I wonder if he is happy?" "Yes, I have attended ten 'Parsifal' lectures and learned the entire score. I could recite the libretto in my sleep and I dare say I have for the last few nights. It's an awful strain on the intellect. I never knew I had so little until I tackled this opera."

The lack of alcoholic stimulus was perhaps responsible for the paucity of men in the supper room.

The women's dressing room was the scene of bewildering transformations. One woman was, with the help of her maid, divesting herself of her street costume and putting on an evening gown, which the maid had brought in a huge box. Noses were being powdered with force and leisure.

"So glad I've got plenty of time, tonight," said a blond beauty, as she dabbed herself vigorously with poudre de riz. "Generally I have to put it on with a rush."

Some women had their hair down, and were carefully arranging it and two or three had solved the problem of dress by divesting themselves of yoke and sleeves, leaving underneath the guimpes, sleeveless evening corsages.

The entr'acte had been advertised to last an hour and three quarters, and about fifteen minutes beforehand persons began to straggle in.

For a quarter of an hour there was a kaleidoscopic panorama. The returned had on their faces the expression "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined." Some of them it was evident had dined and wined as well.

Two men, chappies of the chappiest type, embraced each other vigorously.

"Came to see *Parsifal* get the best of the girls," one announced. "I hear he won't listen to one of 'em; never came from dear old New York, did he, chappie?"

"Or from Chicago, either," answered the other. "We haven't any modern *Parsifals* out there any more than you have in New York."

Apparently No. 2 considered it necessary to stand by his native place under all circumstances.

To dress or to dine—that had been the question, and each had answered it according to individual preference. There were plenty of stunning evening gowns, but they were more than balanced in number by the dinner dresses and the street costumes.

Apparently the majority of the audience had attended dinner parties at some of the neighboring restaurants. There was a noticeable lack of diamonds in the boxes when the house was again filled, but there were few vacant chairs, and the criticism that the fashionable people attend to outdo one another in dress and jewels would seem to be disproved.

One matron, interviewed on the question of her method of spending her hour and three-quarters, said:

"I went home, rested for a quarter of an hour and had a cup of bouillon served while I was changing my gown. Our party will have a late dinner after the performance.

WATERING THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT.

"Personally, my feeling was one of great reverence. I did not wish to eat a hearty dinner and drink a lot of wine. I wanted to have a clear head and enjoy 'Parsifal' as I do my early church service, fasting.

"I really don't see how any one with a soul for art can go to a boisterous restaurant dinner between the acts. I should think it would destroy the whole spirit of the occasion. I couldn't do it."

Promptly at five minutes before the advertised time the trumpeters took place in the corridors and played the "Parsifal" motif. It was the signal for seats to be taken.

With an order surprising in such a crowd the clear notes of the motif had scarcely penetrated to the furthest corner of the opera house before every seat in box, auditorium and gallery was filled. The great entr'acte was over.

A CARD GAME FROM AUSTRALIA

"CALL ON THE ACE" FAST GROWING IN POPULARITY HERE.

Somewhat Like Five and Seven Hand Euchre, but Superior to Both—Correct Account of the Game as Played in Australia—The Newest Card Game.

Every winter sees some new candidate for public favor in the way of card games. None of them is absolutely new.

All the games which have lately become popular are offshoots or variations of older games. Pinochle is a variety of bézique; bridge is a combination of dummy whist and cayenne; set back and cinch are developments of seven up.

Any new game, in order to command its share of popularity in this country, must have two things to recommend it. It must be easy to learn and it must be possible to play it with an ordinary pack of cards and counters, without the addition of special apparatus.

That the game may be difficult to play well does not matter, so that its elementary principles can be briefly stated to the beginner. The complications of such games as skat will always be a bar to their general adoption by American players.

Among the new games, one which is rapidly growing in favor, especially in New York, is an Australian variation of euchre, known as "Call on the Ace." Like most games which have been learned by hearsay and are passed along by one person to another without any definite or established authority or code of laws to guide them, the new game has been confused with others more familiar and is played in various ways, so that disputes frequently arise as to the important details. The following description of "Call on the Ace" has been sent to THE SUN by one of the leading experts at the game in Australia, where it has become almost the national pastime.

Call on the ace is played with a pack of thirty-two cards, all below the seven being thrown out. Sometimes the joker is added to the pack, but it rather spoils the scientific points of the game.

The cards in plain suits rank in the usual order from the ace, king, queen, down to the seven. In the trump suit the jack is the best card and is called the right bower. The jack of the same color, red or black, is the second best trump, and is called the left bower; so that if hearts were trumps the ranks of the trump cards would be: Heart jack, diamond jack, heart ace, king, queen, ten, nine, eight and seven. When the joker is used, it is always the best trump and ranks above the right bower.

Five or six persons is the proper number to make up a table, six making the better game. The cards are either cut or thrown round for the first deal and choice of seats, the highest card having the choice. In cutting, the joker is the best card in the pack, but the jacks rank between the queen and ten, because there are no trumps in cutting.

Five cards are dealt to each player, two at a time the first round and three the next; or three the first time and two the next. It is a misdeal if the same number of cards is not given to every player, including the dealer, on the same round.

The top card of those remaining in the stock is turned up for a trump. If this happens to be the joker it may either be previously agreed that a certain suit, usually spades, shall always be the trump if the joker is turned, or the dealer may be obliged to name a suit before looking at any of his own cards. The first method is the better.

The trump turned, each player in turn, beginning on the dealer's left, must declare to pass or to order up the trump. If all pass, the dealer can either take up the trump card and discard one from his original hand, or he can turn it down.

If any player, in his proper turn, orders up the trump, the dealer must take it into his hand and discard, and the person ordering up becomes the player for that deal.

If all pass and the dealer turns down the trump, each player in turn, beginning on the dealer's left, has the privilege of passing again or naming any one of the three other suits for a trump. If no one will name a new suit, the hands are abandoned, and the deal passes to the next player.

When a player has ordered up the trump, or taken it up, if he is the dealer, or named a new suit after the first has been turned down, he may either play his hand alone against all the others at the table or he may call on the best card of any plain suit for a partner (he cannot call on the best trump), and the player called on cannot refuse, but he does not disclose the fact that he holds the card called on.

A great many misunderstandings arise from the confusion between the name of the game, "call on the ace," and the actual fact that it is not the ace, but the best card of the suit, which is called on. The ace may not be in play, although it is 15 to 1 that it is in six hand.

With only five in the game, there are six cards left in the stock after turning up the trump, and it is not very rare for the ace, king and queen of the called suit to be all among these cards. In such a case the player holding the jack would be the one called on as the partner, but, of course, he would have no idea of it until the suit was led.

It is evident that a player calling on the best card of a suit may discover that he holds the best of it himself, and is therefore really playing alone. This often happens when the caller has a king or queen of the suit he calls on and the higher card is not in play.

It is also evident that a person who is not the maker of the trump cannot be sure that he is not the partner called on simply because he does not hold the ace of that suit. His king, queen or jack may be the best out.

If he fancies the ace is out, he will play against the maker of the trump, of course. If he does not think it is out he will play as his partner, and the difficulty of the situation often adds greatly to the interest of the game.

The player who makes the trump may call on the best card of a suit of which he has none himself, so that if the best card, played by his partner, is trumped, he can over-trump. If it is not trumped, he may get rid of a doubtful card.

He may also call for the best of a suit when he holds the ace of it himself, which is simply another way of playing alone. The result is precisely the same as if he had called, expecting to get an ace to help him, and found his own card the highest.

If the maker of the trump does not call on any suit, he must declare to play alone. The difference in the result of playing alone or with a partner is in the scores.

The object of the player who makes the trump is to get at least three tricks. If he makes three or four, but not five, he scores one point toward game, whether he has a partner or not. If he has a partner, each of them scores one.

If he and his partner get five tricks, they score 2 points each. If the player is alone, and wins all five, he scores a number equal to the number playing: 5 points in a five hand game, 6 point in six hand.

If the maker of the trump and his partner fail to get three tricks, they are euchred, and their opponents score 2 points each. If he plays alone and fails to get three tricks, all the others at the table score 2 points.

In case he is euchred in the first three or four tricks, the hands must be shown, in order to see whether or not he had a partner, if he called on one.

When a revoke is discovered and proved, the play stops immediately, and the side which is not in fault scores. If the player is alone and one of his adversaries revokes, the hands are abandoned and the player scores 5 or 6 points, as the case may be, even if he has already lost a trick. If the maker of the trump or his partner should revoke, all his opponents score 2 points each, the same as for a euchre, and the hands are abandoned.

When a player orders up, he should be careful, before calling on a partner, to see that the dealer has discarded. Otherwise the dealer may discard the suit called on, so as to trump it.

It is just possible that the dealer may be the maker's partner, and can discard to advantage, but the odds are against it. When the dealer takes up the trump himself, he has the advantage of the discard, especially for lone hands.

No matter who takes the trump, the player on the left of the dealer leads for the first trick. When a partner has been called for, it is usual to lead the suit called, so that this partner may be discovered.

If it so happens that the original leader is himself the partner, he leads trump as a rule, and such a lead is generally interpreted as a sign that he is the one called on. If a player holds both ace and king of the suit called, he may, if he pleases, play the king. It is often of advantage to keep the opponents guessing, and it is sometimes well to coax the maker of the trump to ruff the king, so as to get the lead.

Those who are familiar with the American forms of five and seven handed euchre will see that the Australian game is superior to either of them on account of its simplicity.

In the American five hand game an extra hand of three cards is dealt for a widow, and no trump is turned. A player may bid three, four or five tricks, according to the strength of his cards and his hopes of finding something in the widow.

He must name the suit on which he bids, so that others may bid up the same suit or bid against him in another suit. If he gets the play on three, he takes one partner at random, without calling any suit or ace.

If he bids four or five tricks, he has the choice of two partners. The successful bidder takes up the widow, selects what he wants from it and discards.

If he intends to take the widow, but no partners, he may bid eight. If he is willing to play the cards dealt him, without either widow or partners, he may bid fifteen. In either case, he must make all five tricks, or he loses. Some people introduce the calling on the ace so as to select the partner.

In the American seven hand game, the whole pack is used, seven cards being dealt to each player and four to the widow. The player bidding five tricks takes two partners; if he bids six or seven tricks, he takes three partners. A lone hand bids ten, and without either widow or partners, twenty.

In both five and seven hand, the opponents score the number of points bid if the maker of the trump fails. Fifty or 100 points is game.

The objections to seven hand euchre are the necessity for having exactly seven players, complications about the bids and the proper marking of the partners chosen, so that the players may remember who they are, and the difficulty of keeping the scores, which usually requires the services of some person not in the game.

How Two Deer Crossed the Connecticut.

From the Hartford Courant.

HIGGANUM, Dec. 23.—Yesterday afternoon two deer, a buck and a doe, were seen to come from the woods north of the railroad bridge over the creek at this place, and walk down to the river and out on the ice. The ice broke away and they were carried out into the river, where there was much floating ice. The floe collided with others and the deer were thrown into the water. After a short swim they came to another floating cake and climbed upon it with apparent ease. This proceeding was gone through with several times until the east side of the river was reached, when the deer were soon lost in the nearby woods. A large number of spectators watched the pair and were surprised at the ease with which they mounted the floating ice.

THE INDIAN'S LOVE OF BATTLE.

A THEORY WITH A LIVELY SCRAP TO DEMONSTRATE IT.

No Special Grudge Said to Be Borne by Indians Toward White Men—Their Preferences in the Way of Fighting—Annual Outbreaks of the Yaquis.

"The Indian fights just for the fun of it," said the Colonel from the West. "Only last year I had an experience that was as warm an affair as I ever had in the early sixties.

"I was down on the Gila River looking over a piece of land I wanted to buy for sheep raising. I liked the place all right—water and pasturage just suited me—so I began to consider it seriously.

"'Ever have any trouble with Indians?' I asked the old pioneer who owned the land.

"'Wall,'" he said, 'Injuns do get a little restless now and agin, but it don't 'mount to much. Jest livens up both parties enough to give 'em a new zest.'

"I didn't consider that the old man's point of view might not be mine, so I mentally made the note, 'Indians not troublesome.'

"Next day I proposed we go out on a hunting trip, and the old man agreed. Some neighbors of his joined us, and we set out on horses, just ten of us.

"We struck a trail into the hills. About noon we discovered a big grizzly wallowing in a pool of water, and advanced on foot to interview him.

"We had just spread ourselves out in fine style to open fire, when a shot rang out in a chaparral above us, and we heard the spat of a bullet as it hit the rocks just where our game was. The grizzly let out a grunt and looked up.

"Then we opened fire. The bear just rose from that pool like a small mountain in eruption and with just about as much noise. He came right for us, and the rifle cracks sounded like a full-sized battle. But just as the bear was coming close enough to make us consider a quick retreat he fell dead.

"We all rushed up with a whoop, but about the same time there was another whoop from the chaparral, and four Indians came pelting down on us. They reached the bear just as we did.

"Then followed an exciting debate. I couldn't understand what they said, but the old man evidently could, for he answered them back in their own tongue. It seems they claimed the bear because they fired the first shot, but the old man wouldn't have it that way. He told them to git, and as we outnumbered them they got, but they were pretty sulky about it.

"We skinned the bear and were hitting the trail back to camp. Suddenly we heard a shot, and a bullet whistled right between us.

"'Hit fer the rocks, boys" shouted the old man; and, following him, we made up hill for some granite shafts sticking up, with bullets flying thick.

"Meanwhile I could hear Indians whooping behind us. When we got behind the rocks we had time to look, and there were about twenty Apaches coming across the landscape on their ponies.

"As soon as we opened fire they paused and began the old game of circling. They simply crouched over their saddles and made a circuit around our hill, firing all the time.

"Our Mexican friend dropped dead, but soon we saw an Indian fall, too. The firing was like a gigantic Fourth of July celebration.

"Those Indians kept up a steady fire till dusk. We saw another of them drop, and the old man got a bullet in his arm, and another of our men was wounded in the neck.

"That night was one of the unpleasantest I ever spent. We expected an attack every moment, but when morning came the Indians were gone.

"'It's all right, boys,' said the old man, 'they've cooled down and quit.'

"We got back to the ranch without seeing more Indians. But that settled me on buying land for sheep raising there. I wanted to leave right off, so the old man escorted me back to the railway station.

"'Well, would you believe it, on the station platform I saw one of those same Indians who had claimed our bear! Before I could get over my surprise, the old man walked up to him, the two shook hands and they conversed.

"'What's that mean?' I asked, when he rejoined me.

"'Oh, we was jest a-talkin' over the scrap,' my friend answered. 'He was tellin' me they had two bucks killed an' one wounded. Says he enjoyed the jamboree, an' hoped I did.'

"But I couldn't see that sheep raising and jamborees of that sort went well together.

"Indians don't fight white men for any particular grudge they bear them. In fact, they would rather fight other Indians, because they feel that the white man's soul isn't in it for the love of the sport.

"They know that we only fight when we have to, and they consider that a degrading spirit. An old Sioux chief once said to me:

"'Why white man no yell when he fight? Because him no enjoy himself like we. Him fight for business. Bad. Injun heap holler 'cause feel good.'

"So when they can find some other tribe to scrap with they let white men alone. I had that illustrated to me two years ago.

"I was down in New Mexico then, near an Apache reservation. Five of us were camping on a dry creek bed, when we heard a whoop across the plain, and about fifty painted and feathered Indians came galloping down on us.

"We thought it was all up with us, and made a scramble for the big boulders. But on the bank the Indians came to an abrupt halt, and rolled in their saddles with laughter.

"'What matter?' their chief shouted to us. 'Heap scare?'

"Then they came down and fraternized with us. Some of them had scalps at their belts that were still wet with blood. Then they told us they had just had a glorious day.

"They were returning from a raid on a neighboring Comanche camp, and had taken seven scalps, only losing three of their own party. They felt so good they built a fire and made us eat supper with them, but they couldn't get over laughing at the scare they had given us.

"Of all the whites, the Indian loves best to fight cowboys. He admires them, because they seem to enter into the spirit of it. They have a supreme contempt for soldiers, because the military have orders never to shoot unless driven to it.

"But if you want to see Indian fighting, go to Mexico. Every spring the Yaquis rise and tear around the country just for a good time, licking all the soldiers they come across.

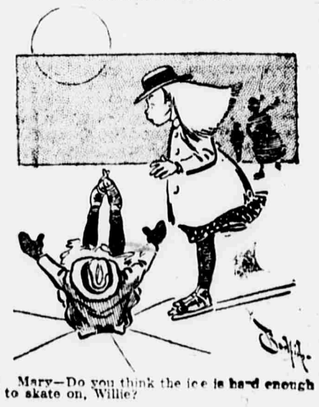
"Then, when the Government sends an army corps up into the Yaqui country, they don't find a trace of the joyous warriors. They've all gone back to their farms to chuckle over the joke."

Fox Bounty in Vermont.

From the Burlington News.

Edward M. Brown came into the City Clerk's office this morning with the skin of a fox, which he had just shot in South Burlington. He asked that the bounty be paid him according to the law made by the last Legislature, which put a prize upon the heads of foxes, rattlesnakes and hedgehogs. He took oath to the fact that he shot the fox in South Burlington, and that the animal was running at large in an untamed condition. City Clerk Mercombe then made a hole through the left ear of the fox. This ceremony being duly performed, Mr. Brown got an order on the city treasury for 75 cents. This is the first fox of the season. Only one bounty has been given here on a hedgehog since the noxious Animal law was established in 1902, and not any on rattlesnakes.

Information Wanted.



Mary—Do you think the ice is hard enough to skate on, Willie?